SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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The Principles of Nature.

THE HARMONIAL PHILOSOPHY.

A Lecture, Delivered at Concert Hall, St. Louis, on Sunday Evening, August 7th, 1853,

BY WILLIAM H. MANTZ,

Late Editor of the "Light from the Spirit-World."

MY BROTHERS AND SISTERS:

Several friends, whose hearts are in the cause, have come to me repeatedly, of late, and inquired why it was that I remained silent at our media meetings. I have only to say, that the reason why I did so (if reason it can be called), was because I felt unwilling to occupy a place which I knew could be better filled. And the thought crowds in upon me just here, that those who *know me* would desire no more convincing proof of the operation of some higher power than my presence before a listening Circle.

I am a medium for Spiritual influence; and though in my own private moments this influence seems to pervade and surround me in the freest, fullest, broadest, and most expansive shape; although, with pen in hand, my impressions flow in upon me clear, gentle, ready, distinct—bordering almost upon the audible sound—yet I could not but feel as content as I was thankful. I am a medium for this influence, and can be used to *write truth* from the free, untrammeled mind of the Spiritual spheres, and I repeat my willingness, that those whose peculiar organizations fitted them for a different, and, may be, higher work, should be used in the wisdom which *they* might attract.

Yet, yielding in a measure to these earnest friends—but more especially to the familiar impressions of my Spirit guides—I stand here this evening. Whatever may have been my own feelings in the matter (and I assure you they were reluctant), or however watchful be the eye of that world which beholds me now, for the *first time*, in this capacity, I have the satisfaction to know that I am in the care of those whose strength is mightier than my own, and whose consoling power sustains and will carry me through any and all the positions which, under their guidance, I may assume. And this, I hasten to say, should be the object of every medium, to know, not the *name* so much as the *condition*, of those that approach them.

BRETHREN—We of earth have lived to a strange, yet glorious day! Amid all the errors, and inconsistencies, and prejudices, and hypocrisy, and ignorance, of the world, mortal tongues, obeying an interior impulse as truthful as honest, have been made to proclaim that happiness is seen as well as felt. But mortal tongues have not always dealt justly with the interior being. In order that the sickly gaze of society might be gratified, this tongue has thrown an artificial garb about the finer senses of man; and man, bending in dismal pomp, has acknowledged leaders, and submitted to decrees, as degrading to himself as they are revolting to the free minds that behold him.

Spirits often go back in the history of their brothers of earth. That history was once *their* history; and they are free to unfold that in it is heard many of the doleful sounds of their and your oppression.

But, softly; an external world hath ears; an external world hath laws; an external world hath established rules; an external world hath modes of worship—various, 'tis true—yet none the less *established*. And these rules, and laws, and modes of worship, strange to say, have advocates as numerous and stern as their edicts are numerous and stern. And, stranger still, they are *commissioned!* By whom? God, say they! God with one breath wraps you in the mournful robe of the confession-box, while with the next he inspires another to shout that the confession-box is wrong! This is worldly religion—this is worldly slavery—this is worldly ignorance! Can we dwell upon this point? Is there an eye in our presence that is not free enough to see slavery? Is there a mind that is not wise enough to see error?

In this body of Commissioners is concentrated our most relentless and determined opposition. The same ill-feeling and unaccountable passion, the same prejudices and persecution exhibited in their own peculiar family, are hurled at the honest Spiritualist. And how, let me ask, should this opposition be met? There can be but two modes. Shall we meet it with moderation and in the light of reason, or fan the flame that spreads around? Shall we place ourselves behind our volumes of facts and philosophy, and speak peace to the troubled mind; or, like others, trample on justice and truth in the conflict for momentary glory and selfish aims? Never! never! We must not—we can not abuse truth! Is it Spiritualism to fever discord? Is it Spiritualism to heat animosity? Shall our efforts be to confuse, or to harmonize the mind? If with us there exists a doubt as to our step in this matter, let us be passive for a moment while some guardian Spirit speaks to us of the love principle of our nature. Let us list while some familiar lips convey to us the *causes* that wafted them to a high and happy condition in the Spirit-world. Can we go so far *back* in our course as to breathe the atmosphere or use the weapons of our erring brothers? While we have an antidote, can we administer poison to the reckless spirits about us? While we have a precious balm of consolation and strength, plucked from an hitherto undiscovered field of nature, can we inflame and disease the wounds that lie open around? It is a singular yet beautiful truth in our philosophy, that by assisting others *we* become happier and richer in Spiritual treasure.

Brothers, this opposition is strong, yet it must give way. A high and enduring principle of nature—a grand law—the results that follow the growth and spread of truth must, will meet it. It can not be otherwise. The truth is eternal—the results natural, sure. This truth—these results have arrested us; they must startle them! And what between us is the contrast?

Oh! sir, whose heart does not swell with heavenly emotion when the thought springs in upon it, that friends and relatives are hovering near! That those for whom we have wept, and sighed, and mourned (and who of us has escaped these pangs?) are alive, happy, and with us! For my part, I would rather sit beside the humble medium, and interpret the eager intimations of some Spirit friend, that "I'm with you still!" than to be the object of all the high-strung, excited, unreasonable exhortations in the land. I would rather sit beside that medium and catch the soft whispering of some known voice, that "I am progressing," than to listen to all the fancies and extravagances of the Bible community! I would rather be permitted to take my seat in a Circle of congenial minds, for the reception of Spiritual truth, than to be clothed in the most gorgeous robe of *human systems!* Tell me not that we are wrong. If we are wrong, then is there no such thing as *right*. If we are in error, then is there no truth—then is nature a forgery, and Heaven's angels criminals! Tell me not of your theological conclusions and your eternal miseries! The impression is deep within me—and the truth but elevates me—that these are certain, fixed, eternal, natural laws—divine principles—and it is only by disobeying these laws and neglecting these principles that misery, if misery there be, can ensue; and just in precise proportion as these rules, laws, and principles of our nature are trampled upon and overlooked, will this misery follow.

Our philosophy teaches us all that is noble and truly great in earthly existence. It unfolds and invigorates the drooping spirit, and throws a halo of light in upon the inner-being. The source of this philosophy does not, *can not*, lessen its beauty or pollute its stream. Come whence it may, whether from the Spirits of the departed or not, it is truth—eternal truth—and must stand. The principles and laws upon which it is founded are as firm, and expressive, and enduring, as nature, because upon them nature herself rests, and acts, and moves. It is plain and simple, yet beautiful and grand, because nature is plain and simple, yet beautiful and grand. You may, in your prejudice and ignorance, lift the axe of mortal power and stifle for a moment the thousand tongues that proclaim and advocate these truths and this philosophy, yet a more congenial season must cause them to bloom and to diffuse *their own* fragrance! This, we say, *must* be so, because nature hath spoken it.

So it is as unwise as it is unfruitful in our opponents to cast aside, suddenly, the whole matter, with an abhorrence of *Spirits*. On our side we have all that is required to prove this fact with the rest, and once beyond the beaten paths of sectarian schooling and fashionable superstition, *this fact*, with the rest, will also appear clear to our opponents.

The truths of this age invite intelligence—not ignorance—to their investigation; they call upon freedom—not slavery—to test their purity; they mingle with reason, and depend, therefore, upon no unmeaning form or frantic support; and, though while in them we behold such love, justice, goodness, and wisdom, that we can not but expand in our conceptions of Deity, and overflow in our gratitude to the Author of All Being, we do not take them in the light of *special* providence. They are no special act of God's, because God does not unfold himself in that way. That "all things are possible with God," a remark which has grown stale upon the lips of error's advocates, we distinctly deny. It is utterly impossible for God to sink the mariner's vessel while the planks of that vessel are sound and the ocean calm; and even when surrounding elements rage, and the billows dash hard against that brak—when, in a word, all is overcome and lost, will any man tell me that a special aim of God was accomplished! Could human imagination be more cruel? Could human ignorance be more harsh? Could divine love be more abused? And this, they tell us, is the *inscrutable wisdom* of Deity! The wisdom of God, according to these advocates of olden theology, is, and ever will be, confined to disasters! It has never yet pleased Deity, in his inscrutable acts, to give us midnight at noonday, or noonday at midnight. Nor can he. It is not in the laws of being; it is contrary to the principles of nature, and against *all* reason and truth. Such a phenomenon would indeed be recorded as an *inscrutable* act of Deity. At such a juncture human intellect would become a blank! But these are idle points. Now, the sinking of the vessel and loss of life *can* be explained. Turning our attention from God (why, indeed, should we drag him into all our controversies, and make him the unnatural carrier and source of all our burthens), we can, by sticking to our reason, our freedom, and our acquaintance with nature and her laws, *see* how the billows overcome the efforts of our voyaging brothers, and outrose the capacity of their frail bark. We see the effect—we mourn the result—yet this should not hinder us from tracing out the cause. Standing here, then, the instrument of those who live in more intimate relation to nature, those upon whose spirits the light of eternal truth has broke in, and who, after years of progression, are just now beginning to contemplate rightly God, heaven, and eternity, I can not better express the truth given me, than to declare, emphatically, that God had no agency whatever in the matter! The vessel and crew were, unfortunately, in the way of an inevitable result of a natural action of a natural law, from which neither God nor angels could rescue them. Think, for a moment, of God and angels, and ask yourself, if they possessed the power would they not have used it, and saved our earthly wanderers from a watery grave?

As in every thing else pertaining to religion, the duties and relations of man here, and his existence hereafter, the world has erred—blindly, sadly, rashly erred—in its opinion respecting the Harmonial Philosophy. Had coming generations no other evidence of the cruelty, selfishness, bigotry, ignorance, and prejudice of our sectarian leaders, their persecution of the honest believer in Spiritualism would be sufficient to cause them to shun forever their walks. And, sir, I may state here what it is useless for us longer to deny, that the clergy, from the beginning, have been at our heels, crying, Fire! fire! when there was no fire, save in their own heated brains. While they, in their efforts to crush us, have shifted and turned into as many shapes and conditions as is recognized by *their* infallible directions, we have remained firm—we have been composed. This statement is as remarkable as it is true, and I rejoice to be able to give it utterance. The scandalous epithets—disgraceful only to their source—that have been heaped upon us, I will pass by; your feelings could not be improved at hearing them; my thoughts could not be sweetened at recounting them. So let them rest. That law—that *natural result*—about which we have been speaking, will catch them; they will be harmless, they will be silent.

The more I look at our philosophy, the more I love it. I love it, because while it points us to the errors of society, it discloses a means of redemption. I love it, because while it leaps with a natural charity upon the corrupted systems of religion, and tears the flimsy vail from the face of hypocrisy and deception, it rivets us to one of the most delightful positions the world, in all its wisdom, has ever been permitted to review. Let us gaze. What can be more refreshing than the contemplation of what humanity *will be* under the teachings of the Harmonial Philosophy! What the use of your *unnatural* restraints, when the grand secret of individual unfolding and individual progression enters the human family? What a picture will the world present, when the principle of Peace is cultivated and made to bloom upon the buried passion for War; when intelligence and conscious liberty enliven the mind; when brotherly feeling lives uppermost in the human heart; and when universal love, justice, and charity actuate, ennoble, and move us all!

The mountains that covered and the barriers that have surrounded this heaven upon earth, this natural existence of humanity, are moved and leveled by the Harmonial Philosophy. The philosophy that has lifted the inky robe of priestly power, and proved by facts that have gone home to the combined senses of our being, the IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, is *our* philosophy. The philosophy that does not court ignorance, but, on the contrary, gives energy to individual reason, and inculcates universal knowledge, is *our* philosophy. The philosophy that scrutinizes theories to stand on facts, is *our* philosophy. The philosophy that casts doubts and superstitious fear from the soul, and warms it into a new life with the truths of Spiritual freedom and Spiritual progression, is *our* philosophy!

What becomes of your idolatrous religions, when we open this philosophy? What becomes of your sectarian schools, when mental freedom is encouraged? What becomes of your useless ceremonies and your tiresome exhortations, when the truth of certain natural results fill the human mind? What becomes of your gorgeous displays and your fading incense, when the simple philosophy of natural progression is understood? What becomes of your conflicting religious opinions, when a philosophy is opened which shuts out every thing that is not founded in and based upon the eternal and unchanging principles and laws of nature? What becomes of your gods of wrath, your gods of war and hatred, your gods of the olden record, when a philosophy is opened which points us up

"Through Nature, to Nature's God!"

The historian that writes of the day will be quick to admit that with the reception of this philosophy commenced the good time on earth. We know that you boast of your freedom from the hands of oppressors, and sing with full and glad hearts your national songs of liberty; you commit to memory the liberal sentiments of your independence paper, and exult in the declaration that "*all men* are created free and equal;" but what is the view to the free and unobstructed eye? You want freedom—you want liberty—you want individual independence! If all be free, why do we continue to tighten the fetters about our fellow-man? If *all* be free, why not turn our declaration into practice, and break at once the ponderous chains that bend human flesh and blood in life-long slavery? Go ask the leaders of public sentiment—go ask the council of the nation! There you will learn that it is *right* to do wrong; there you will be told that it is *wrong* to do right—circumstances in either case directing.

But breathing as I do the breath of harmony, I have no inclination to throw a brand of confusion into the ranks of our opponents. This, in me, in a natural point of view, would be wrong, and that which is *naturally wrong* can not be made *right* by any mortal effort. This is our high ground—upon it we stand, below it we can not go. Those beneath we will assist upward; it is not natural, it is not in our philosophy, it is not Spiritualism, to crush them down. Yet, while we occupy this high position, while all this is allowed by us, we must be heard in our own good and reasonable way. Do not attempt to hush or crush us. The yells of prejudice, of vanity, and of ambition must not be expected to prevail against our efforts with the weak and ignorant, but *honest* millions. Liberty, mental freedom, justice, love, intelligence, must be heard from *our* stand. If we can not be permitted to purify and change the stream of error and corruption now flowing in upon our helpless brothers, the very *fountain itself* must be plugged, and new explorers allowed to report!

We come not to disturb the peace of society, but to improve and exalt it. We are the real, the true friends of society. We are for truth, not error; for freedom, not slavery; for practice, not empty *profession*. Believing that truth can suffer nothing from individual scrutiny, we are for probing even to the vital veins of the popular sectarianism. This right to us, we feel should not be denied, because even were we to *strike that vitality*, nought but a triumph in a new life—nought but a triumph of truth—could ensue. In a plainer word, if the declarations, promises, conclusions, sentiments, and prophecies of the Bible be of God, they by being tested will only stand out the more noble, and clear, and true.

And this test the record of old must endure. The energy and intelligence of the day are after it. The reason of the age is hard upon it. It must stand, divested of all the cloaks of darkness, ignorance, superstition, and idolatry, or shrink behind the breathless pillars of its own creation! It must stand before the free and untrammeled gaze of natural reason, or sink and be buried amid its own gorgeous ruins. The analyzing intellect that gave us steam; the vigor of application that conveyed this power to the ocean ship; the genius that caught lightning, and the minds that have conquered time, are determined to test *all* truth, solve *all* propositions, weigh all conclusions.

All, then, we have to say to the world is, Be free, and meet us in the good work. All truth is not for you—all truth is not for us. If it be with you, it can not be harmed by the shafts of opposition; if with us, you must sooner or later acknowledge it. Calmly, gently, wisely let us meet. *Try* our Spirits, not by the fashionable rule of this or that sect, but by individual investigation, and unbiased, rational judgment. Your reason alone should be your guide. And while you are with us thus in the labor, *we* must be permitted—we claim the privilege of looking into *your* credentials. With the clear heads and bold hearts of this bright day, the relations of God to the council that framed the present brazen religious fabric of the world, will be readily discovered. Under the eye of the impartial Spiritualist, we shall all hear whether Christ was God, or God Christ, or whether, indeed, both God and Christ are *one*. * * * * *

Thus let us meet—thus let us examine. And if, on the other hand, you find that with us which seems contrary to reason and against nature, we are with you in the detection, we are with you in putting it aside. Do not suppose that *we* believe "every Spirit;" we only "try the Spirits," and see whether they be what they pretend.

THE CAUSE IN THE WEST.

BATTLE CREEK, MICHIGAN, *Aug.* 30, 1853.

DEAR BRITTAN AND PARTRIDGE:

After my last letter to you from Elgin, Illinois, I remained and lectured several times there, and once in Dundee, a small village near Elgin, and then closed my visit with a meeting in a grove, on Sunday, the 21st, six miles from Elgin, in the midst of an excellent neighborhood of farmers, many of whom, in the vicinity of Elgin, are among the best Spiritualists I have met in my travels—independent mentally and pecuniarily, and do their own thinking. I found at the place of our meeting a bound copy of the beloved *Universealum*, which is ever a sign of early and well-advanced Spiritualists. We had a large meeting in a beautiful grove, and a very pleasant day, and one of the most interesting gatherings I ever attended; the whole audience seemed delighted, and I believe all went home better and happier than they came there. I had in speaking the aid of the Spirits through four different mediums, and all was proper and appropriate. The day will not be soon forgotten; but many will look forward with anxiety to a time when another such a feast can be had. From Elgin I came to Chicago, and spent a few hours with Brother Eddy, whom I found about as sane a man as the city contains, and far more so than the majority, for there are many *mad* men in Chicago, even in the churches, and some in the pulpits. I had not time to lecture in Chicago and comply with other engagements, neither did we deem it best, until Harmony Hall and Eddy's affairs can be *legally* unlocked. Nearly the whole population of the city feel the outrage and persecution of Eddy. The Protestant Church tyranny there is looked upon as little better than the Inquisition in its spirit, and needing only the power to carry it fully out.

From Chicago I came to Battle Creek, a well-situated and thriving village, with two thousand five hundred inhabitants, on the Central Railroad and Kalamazoo River, in the midst of an excellent farming district. Here I met a cordial reception from many Spiritualists. Brother Finney had been here, and given several lectures to large audiences and with good success. Many notices of his lectures were still sticking up about the streets when mine were posted. It was hard to tell whether grief or scorn was most distinctly marked on the countenances of the clergy and their few devoted satellites, who call this the work of the "old arch enemy." Two clergymen here have exploded Spiritualism each by a sermon, which was printed and circulated, and has given much aid to our cause by exposing the weakness, ignorance, and folly of their objections. All their efforts aid us, and the more they struggle the deeper they sink in the mire. I delivered five lectures here in the Quaker meeting-house, which was well filled. The last two on Sunday afternoon and evening were attended by about four hundred persons, many of whom have seen, heard, and read some of, and partially or wholly adopt our philosophy. We also had the attendance of an old superannuated Scotch Presbyterian, by the name of Anderson, who has come away out West among the heathen to *introduce* the Bible, and is traveling over the country crying, in substance, as the gold-beaters of Ephesus did, "Great is the goddess Diana of the Ephesians," and with about as much success. He made some remarks at the close of my lectures, and was taken up by one of our friends here, a Mr. Averill, and I think if he ever tries to fly again he will do as the bat does—try it alone and in the dark. He will not be very likely to be caught with the birds again, for he can not fly, at least until he gets dry and recruited, for he came out, to use a vulgar phrase, looking very much like a "swill-pail chicken," trying to sail with the ducks and swan, or fly with the pigeons and eagles. There was much inquiry for him and his Bibles in the streets on Monday, but he was not to be found, and it is supposed he took the cars without offering his wares for sale here. I have seldom found more freedom, and intelligence, and willingness to investigate than in this place. The phalanx of progressive minds here has its center made up of the Hicksite Quaker stock, who have been long fitting their minds by silent meditation for Spiritual impressions, and as the light dawns they hail its rising, and come almost immediately, along with their "*meeting-house*," to the new philosophy. Many of them here are aged persons, adding a dignity and calmness to the circles and meetings that is very interesting. The right wing of the phalanx is made up of the progressive Universalists, who are not far from the "kingdom of Heaven." They go boldly forward to the examination of all things, determined to "hold fast" *only* "that which is good." The left wing is composed of the skeptics, who are not a few or weak here, either in numbers or intelligence, as the large list of subscribers to the Boston *Investigator* shows. They have done a good work here in eliciting free thought and expression, and battling down error and superstition. They are generally free, fearless, investigating minds, and come more readily into the embrace of the Harmonial Philosophy than any other class of society. Our friends may register Battle Creek as one of the places where the light shines, and if our opponents have got any extinguishers of Spiritual light they might as well send several along this way, for those that preach here only increase it by efforts to extinguish. Since here, I have had a visit with our friends at Bedford, an adjoining town; and in a settlement they call the Plain, six miles from here, I found one of the pleasantest neighborhoods I have ever been in. There are a dozen or more families of Spiritualists living there, making an excellent state of society—farmers mostly—on good soil and in a healthy section of country. Our brother, Hiram Cornell, has in successful operation a school there where he is educating a large list of scholars, both physically and mentally, and without sectarian trammels; and notwithstanding the efforts of the clergy and their satellites to break it up, it increases and strengthens continually. It affords an excellent retreat for scholars whose parents wish to send them out of the reach of rum, tobacco, gambling, licentiousness, sectarian bigotry,

and other evils of civilization surrounding most of the schools where the clergy have the keys as they have to most of our school houses. There is also in this neighborhood a shop where musical instruments, pianos, melodeons, etc., are manufactured neatly and cheaply. It is, on the whole, a very excellent neighborhood for a farming community. There are several good opportunities for purchasing land here, for there is much not yet improved, and our friends coming West to look for homesteads will do well to call here and visit the school, and friends, etc. This was said to be the second spot in the State where Spiritualism started, since which it has done a thorough work in the community around its center of radiation, until even the atmosphere of the neighborhood seems imbued with Spiritual harmony. From here I go to Cleveland, and shall be in New York the last of September.

WARREN CHASE.

A PREVISION.

In the writings of Jung Stilling, Mrs. Crowe, Justinus Kerner, and others, are noted many cases of accurate previsions of *funerals*, with all the minutiæ of their attending circumstances. This strange psychical phenomenon is, I believe, particularly indigenous to the Highlands of Scotland, and to some parts of Germany, and also of Denmark, where the "second-sight" *prevails*; but it has, as it would seem, been occasionally experienced by people of all countries. A fact belonging to this same category of wonders has just occurred in my own family, and which, for the illustration it affords of this branch of psychological mystery, I will here briefly relate.

On Wednesday evening, Sept. 8, as my wife lay upon her bed, perfectly awake, she had a distinct vision of a funeral assemblage at a house which she had never before seen. The house was apparently situated at the corner of a street, with its left gable end facing the street, which formed the corner with the one on which it fronted, and in the yard before the door there were several large trees. At a first view, the assemblage seemed to be standing, without order, before the door. The spectacle being unpleasant, she diverted her attention from it for a few moments; but soon the vision opened again, and she saw the procession marching round the corner and along the other street, the ground of which was *ascending*. She saw no hearse, but about half way along the line of the procession she saw a "dark, square thing," which was borne along by several persons, but which, owing to its position, she could not see with sufficient distinctness to tell what it was.

On the next day *after* this vision occurred, I very *unexpectedly* received a letter from Clinton, Hunterdon Co., N. J., informing me of the dangerous illness of a near and dear relative. On the morning after that, I took the cars of the New Jersey Central Railroad, and arrived at my relative's house in the course of a few hours, but found that his spirit had left its mortal tenement on the evening previous. The house (of the situation of which I had had no knowledge before) I found upon the corner of a street, with its left gable end exposed, and trees in front, just as had been seen in the vision; and on the day of the funeral, as I followed the body of my deceased relative from his house, I was struck with the exact realization, even to its minutest particulars, of the scene described by my wife, as previously presented to her internal vision. The "dark, square thing" which she had indistinctly seen borne along in the midst of the procession, was the bier on which the remains of my relative were borne in a coffin covered with black cloth.

The whole affair, taken together, manifestly adds to the previously-developed evidences of the existence of some mysterious psychological law by which "coming events," especially of that solemn nature, "cast their shadows before;" and I commend the phenomenon to the attention of those who are interested in the study of the intercommunicating media between the outer and the inner world. If I may venture an hypothesis explanatory of this perhaps darkest of all psychological mysteries, I would suggest that previous to every death there is probably a descent from the Spirit-world, of a general sympathetic *aura*, bearing with it the impression of the predetermined occurrence, which thereby, without any special effort of Spirits, becomes perceptible to the interior senses of those whose affections or interests it involves, and who are sufficiently sensitive to its action.

W. F.

COMPEND OF SWEDENBORG.

The theological works of this perhaps most profound of all philosophers, and most truthful of all Spiritual writers, are comprised in about thirty volumes. Of course, therefore, they are, for the most part, beyond the reach of persons of moderate means; and even if they were all in more general circulation, there are few who would have the leisure to peruse them *in extenso*. At this period of Spiritual investigation, and of mysterious phenomena originating in supermundane causes requiring the most profound and enlightened philosophy for their explication, a *judicious compend* of the leading thoughts of one who has written so voluminously and lucidly on these general subjects as Swedenborg has, can not but be regarded as a serious disideratum. We are happy to announce that a compend of the essential thoughts spread through all the theological works of the Swedish seer, has been in course of stereotyping for some time, and is now about to be published in a single volume of some five hundred octavo pages. From an acquaintance with the compiler, as well as from an inspection of the table of contents, we have no hesitation in commending this forthcoming volume to the attention of all students of Spiritual science, as one of the most important publications on that subject which has yet been issued, and as one which should certainly have a place in every Spiritualists' library. A more extended notice will be given as soon as the volume shall have been published.

F.

ABSENCE OF MIND.—We have heard of numerous instances of mental abstraction—most frequently connected with men of great devotion to some particular literary, scientific, or theological investigation which monopolizes the mental powers.

In Massachusetts is a clergyman of this class, who in his absent intervals is very likely to appropriate to himself not only whatever handkerchiefs may chance to come in his way, but table napkins also are frequently found in his pocket when returning from social tea parties at his parishioners. This was so much a habit, that his wife would search his pockets on his return, for the purpose of restoring the articles speedily to the rightful owner. One day his wife found in his side pocket a whole silk apron, strings and all. He could give no account how it came there—it was a mysterious affair. A lady of the parish, however, settled the matter satisfactorily. In conversation with her guest after tea, on some subject in which he felt much interest, he mistook her apron, as she supposed, for his handkerchief, and began to tuck it away in his pocket. Knowing his abstractedness, rather than break the string of the discourse, she untied the apron string and let it go, not a little amused at seeing the whole, after two or three efforts, snugly stowed away in his capacious pocket.—*Portsmouth Journal.*

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1853.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A SPIRIT'S RELIEF" comes to us without the author's name. We have repeatedly stated that we can not publish anonymous communications. We do not make it a condition that the name shall be given to the public, unless it becomes necessary, but every writer must have sufficient confidence in our sense of honor to trust his name in our hands, or he can not expect us to give publicity to what he may write. How can any one expect an editor to become responsible for him when he will not indorse himself?

"ANSWER TO OLD TESTAMENT INCONSISTENCIES," we shall be obliged to withhold for several weeks. We have several long articles which come first in order.

☞ Persons who send communications intended for the press should, if they desire to preserve them, invariably retain a copy, so as to preclude the necessity for our returning them in case they are not published. Among the mass of rejected papers they are extremely liable to be lost, and we can not be responsible for the safe keeping of communications which, in our judgment, are of no value.

FREEDOM AND INTOLERANCE.

Freedom of thought and speech are sacred among the inalienable rights of Humanity, and those especially who are distinguished for power of conception and utterance demonstrate their right to think and speak, and to be heard, by the possession and use of the appropriate faculties. The adaptation of particular individuals to specific spheres and modes of action is the testimony of Nature that they are required to occupy such places, and to perform the political, social, or spiritual functions for which they discover a natural taste and a peculiar fitness. Nor is the application of this remark to be restricted to a part of the human race. It applies to woman as well as to man, and if the former has the capacity to acquire a preëminence in the noblest human pursuits, she also has the right, and may properly claim the place and the reward.

It is believed that woman is qualified, by her native delicacy and the refinement of her sensibilities, to excel in those elegant arts and accomplishments which have done so much to adorn the walks of civilized life with the divine ideas of genius and the inspired creations of beauty. We conceive that the simple ability to fill any place, however exalted, affords the best possible evidence that the person possessing the requisite qualifications is duly authorized to assume that place. No man, whether in Church or State, was ever truly called to a post of honor or responsibility, either as teacher or governor, who was not endowed with the powers necessary to an efficient and honorable discharge of the obligations and functions of his office. If, in any case, woman is "apt to teach" and able to govern, her prerogative as teacher and ruler can not be legitimately denied. Whenever she unites the desire and the capacity to excel in any department of practical industry, natural science, or *belles-lettres*, we concede to her the right to an open door and the unrestrained exercise of all her latent powers. If she is an orator, like Lucy Stone, the gift itself is verily the seal of God to her commission to speak. Titles and credentials from the schools would be useless appendages, and she no more needs a diploma than ministering angels require letters of recommendation.

All men discover abundant reasons why they should themselves be free, while, it must be confessed, most men are prone to think that circumstances make it necessary to abridge the liberty of others. Any foolish excuse which selfishness may devise is presumed to warrant them a respectful hearing at all times; but the most shallow pretenses suffice to justify—in the eyes of such men, we mean—every arbitrary attempt to silence others, and, it may be, Heaven's own messages. The excuses which the enemies of freedom offer for thus restricting the *liberty* of speech, are false as they are superficial. They are prompted by a manifest antagonism to protestant and republican ideas. If a woman has an unwelcome truth to reveal, she must not speak of it, *because she is a woman*, and so the truth must be concealed and the deepest convictions of a true heart stifled because that heart beats in the breast of woman. If a man is moved by the suggestions of conscience to expose some great public sin, he must do it gently, and labor, for the most part, to palliate the offense, or he may be accused of treason before Cæsar. Each newly discovered principle in Nature is disputed by ignorance and self-conceit; all original ideas in morals or theology are deemed irreligious by dogmatists; and every acquisition within the domain of science is treated as an indignity offered to "the proper authorities." If an earnest Reformer draws aside the vail, so that the world discovers the cold formality and gross sensualism of the Church, his right to a hearing is at once virtually denied; his motives are openly questioned, and his character defamed. And such is the vaunted freedom, even in Republican America, of which the world is so eloquent and musical—freedom to think, speak, and act, very much as the "old masters" in philosophy, ethics, and religion, are pleased to determine. True, a man, if he pleases to transcend the ordinary limits, may do so, but he must have enough of the martyr-spirit to peril reputation, and in his devotion to truth must resolve to labor cheerfully at his own cost. Such sacrifices must be made by some men, only because others are unwilling to concede to them the freedom which they demand for themselves.

This opposition to freedom develops itself in numerous forms and on various occasions. It is manifest in the sectarian enterprises of the time, in the promulgation of Papal edicts, in the expulsion of Christ-like natures from the fellowship of Protestant churches, in the denunciation of honest men for a civil expression of their opinions, and in the unmerited aspersions cast at the names of free, noble, and inspired souls. A portion of our polite literature, so called, is *impolite* enough to countenance these encroachments on the most sacred rights of man; and it is no less true that a large number of American journalists are constantly laboring to subvert those principles of reciprocal justice, religious toleration, and universal freedom, which they profess to respect and vindicate. They insist that the press is the very palladium of our liberties, while they use it as a mere engine of oppression—to excite suspicion and prejudice against whole classes in society; to destroy the influence and to blast the prospects of men and women, because they have the magnanimity to be free and truthful, when to preserve their freedom and integrity they must sacrifice a good name and every temporal interest.

We have an example of this intolerance in the conduct of a portion of the press toward Judge Edmonds, whom they have labored to crucify for opinion sake. It surely has not been proved, and it will not be pretended, even by the most stupid and malicious adversary, that he is incompetent to perform the duties of his office in a highly creditable manner. On the contrary, it is believed by many of the most intelligent and candid citizens that his qualifications have seldom been surpassed by those of any judge who has occupied the Supreme bench. That he is less worthy of his distinguished position now than formerly, will not be assumed by any one who reverences the truth and respects his conscience half as much as he venerates his political or religious creed.

Why, then, should the efficient services of Judge Edmonds be spared from the judiciary? He is still able to concentrate the whole force of his mind on any subject, temporal as well as spiritual; his analysis of facts and evidence is as critical and withal as just as at any former period; his reasoning is as cogent and his conclusions as legitimate as ever before. How, then, is he disqualified for the duties of his office? Why, simply by an unpopular faith and communion with the Spirit-world. The same objections might have been urged against the ability of Paul to reason and the capacity of Moses to be a judge in Israel.

We trust that the force of an enlightened public sentiment will require several journalists, who object to the reëlection of Judge Edmonds, to submit the grounds of their opposition. The people who have honored him with their confidence, and whom he has served with zeal and fidelity, have a right to inquire into the principles which actuate the objectors. If the Judge is to be rejected *because he is a Spiritualist*, we shall be likely to know it. It will, moreover, sufficiently appear that *his opposers are the enemies of religious liberty, and that their influence is utterly hostile to the true spirit and genius of republican institutions.* We shall see who are the enemies of true political and religious freedom. The spirit of the age will set a mark on those men, and they will be left to the terrible retribution of HAVING THEIR DEEDS REMEMBERED.

CRYSTAL PALACE—EXTREME SENSIBILITY.

"To the pure all things are pure."

We have heard of several ladies and gentlemen who have attended the great exhibition at the Crystal Palace, and have been fearfully shocked at the revelations which Art has made of Nature. The unveiled beauty displayed in the sculptured forms which line the naves, fill them—if we may credit what they say—with emotions of unqualified disgust. They are prone to blush before the pure and spotless marble, not that marble is unchaste, but because their own thoughts and desires are so. They belong to the class described in Festus,

"To whom sweet shapes and tantalizing smiles
Bring up the devil and the Ten Commandments."

Well, we advise all such persons to stay at home and subdue their passions by devout exercises and a low diet. Men and women who can only look at the immortal creations of genius through the vulgar eye of sense should not go to the Crystal Palace, nor frequent the galleries and shrines of Art. *Paradise* would be a dangerous place for them, and such people should not so much as visit the primitive Eden, even in imagination—they might see Adam and Eve before they were "up and dressed."

As there are many things at the World's Fair which even persons of excessive modesty would be pleased to examine, we venture to suggest the propriety of setting apart one day in the week for their especial gratification. Those deathless memorials of genius which render Hiram Powers the pride of America and the admiration of the world, and all the classic forms of Italy, may be *dressed in long skirts* for the occasion, and, if necessary, the Committee might be induced to put *trowsers* on the great equestrian statue of Washington—we mean on the horse!

"THE CAUSE AND CURE OF CRIME."

We trust that no intelligent Spiritualist will neglect to read the articles bearing this title, which have appeared, or may hereafter appear, in the columns of the TELEGRAPH. We have still several contributions from the vigorous pen of Bro. Courtney, which will be published in their order. If some of our readers are not prepared to adopt all the ideas of the writer, they may yet derive pleasure and profit from the liberality and ability which characterize the productions of his mind. When so many men merely repeat the stereotyped thoughts of past ages, it is certainly a rare merit in a writer that *he has ideas* quite unlike the worn-out clothing of other minds and other times. Bro. Courtney may hold some views which the reader does not choose to entertain. It is equally the privilege of the former to express them, and of the latter to reject them. We can not say that his views, on all the questions of our philosophy, precisely accord with our own; but, for aught *we know* to the contrary, they may be intrinsically valuable in proportion as they vary from the accredited standards, or, perhaps, from the results of our own mental exercises.

There is at least one cardinal excellence which attracts our notice and challenges our admiration in whatever emanates from W. S. Courtney; it is this: *He never sacrifices the respect of the reader by giving an undue prominence to himself at the expense of others or to the injury of his cause.* The subject to be discussed is never crowded out of sight that the *ego* may be glorified. There may be several Spiritualists—writers of vastly less caliber—who would do well to imitate such an example. They have need to learn that the world does not altogether rest on their shoulders. Indeed, the attractive forces which sustain the modern world neither circulate within the shell of a tortoise, nor are they confined to the brain and spinal column of some Spiritual Atlas.

DIGEST OF CORRESPONDENCE.

S. B. Nichols, of Burlington (Vt.?), writes that Judge Edmonds' letter is making a considerable sensation in that neighborhood, and people there are anxiously waiting for the Judge's forthcoming book. He then proceeds to speak of a healing medium who is being developed in their midst, and who has now under her charge a young lady who has been an invalid for thirteen years, having been pronounced incurable by the physicians. Under Spirit treatment, however, she has, during the past two months, so far improved as to encourage hope of final recovery. The medium of this salutary influence is also used by the Spirits to write and speak, and her Spiritual ears are so opened that she can hear her invisible attendants talk and sing, the latter using the same voice which they possessed while in the bodily state, and thus making themselves easily recognized.

E. Y. Durant, of Lebanon, N. H., writes that the cause of Spiritualism is progressing in that village and neighborhood, and that many previously skeptical persons have, solely by its means, been converted to a firm belief in the immortality of the soul. As valuable as this result is, our correspondent seems to place as high an estimate upon those influences of this new unfolding which have tended to the overthrow of a superstitious, restrictive, and degrading theology, prevalent there as in other portions of the land. After remarking upon these features and tendencies of the new development, our correspondent proceeds to state a few facts, as follows:

"Our circle has held weekly meetings for the last six months. The demonstrations were first given us by 'raps,' some two years ago. Soon after, they were given by writing, but latterly they have been presented in the form of speaking in the trance state. Very little has ever been given us by table-moving. Our communications have invariably been of a high order, calculated to elevate and purify the general mind, and awaken those feelings of benevolence and kindly regard for our fellows, which are such strangers to the human heart at the present day. We have one young lady and two young gentlemen who are used as instruments by the Spirits, and through whom we are favored with beautiful lectures and colloquies, many of which are highly instructive. One of the gentlemen is being developed as a healing medium more particularly, and some prescriptions have been given through him, which have proved highly beneficial. We feel that the cause has gained a foundation here which bigotry and superstition can not undermine, and that our investigations thus far have resulted in the benefit of those who have participated in them. Consequently, guided by the light of *reason* and *judgment*, we have every inducement to continue.

LET THEM BE HEARD.

Thus says the *Tribune*, in reference to the eloquent women whose speech has lately been silenced in this city by a World's Temperance Convention, and by mobs of two-legged beings calling themselves men. We heartily respond to the suggestion—"let them be heard!" New York city is a large place, a populous place, but it is not the whole country, and with all its boasted intelligence, philanthropy, and religion, its judgments are not infallible—they may be reversed, In regard to the women under notice, we think the judgments of the mobocrats of this city will, as they ought to, be reversed. We appeal from their gag-law rule, from their hissing and catcalls, which seem to be their most effective, if not their natural language, to the candor, the intelligence, and the decency of the country. Let the women who feel that they have a reasonable and righteous word to utter, be heard. The season of lectures is approaching. All through our land are Lyceums and Institutes in the habit of inviting lecturers to address them. Instead of confining their invitations to men (and sometimes to very stupid men at that) let the women have a chance to be heard. We venture to say that intellectual enjoyment will not be lost thereby. There are women, in point of genius, judgment, and every literary or philosophic accomplishment, equal to the best of the men-lecturers of the age. Women who have as deeply studied the great questions affecting society—social, religious, or political. Women who, with rare eloquence, represent their sex in exposing the wrongs to which they are subject, and the rights that belong to them by virtue of humanity. If upon a fair hearing these women shall condemn themselves, let them retire from the arena. It is as unfair as it is ungallant to condemn them unheard. More than this, the end of their struggle for the freedom of speech will never come from mob enforcements. Women may be shouted, and hooted, and hissed from the orator's or lecturer's stand, but every such success, whether of clergymen in a Temperance Convention, or rowdies of a lower grade at the Tabernacle, will as certainly react in favor of woman, as truth is sure to finally triumph over error, and right over wrong. We have heard several of the banned women speak, and we know they are worthy in themselves as well as for the causes they advocate, of being heard. Lucy Stone, Antoinette Brown, E. Oakes Smith, Mrs. Stanton, and others of their stamp, are a credit to the human intellect, anywhere and everywhere. We trust, therefore, that such women, especially in consideration of their treatment in this city, will be heard at the Lyceums and lecture halls of the country during the coming winter. We subjoin the names and addresses of several women of acknowledged eloquence and ability, all champions of the Emancipation of Women:

LUCY STONE, West Brookfield, Mass.
ANTOINETTE L. BROWN, South Butler, Wayne Co., N. Y.
ELIZABETH OAKES SMITH, Brooklyn, N. Y.
ELIZABETH C. STANTON, Seneca Falls, N. Y.
PAULINA WRIGHT DAVIS, Providence, R. I.
MRS. C. I. H. NICHOLS, Battleboro', Vt.
MRS. C. M. SEVERANCE, Cleveland, Ohio.
MRS. E. L. ROSE, New York city.
LUCRETIA MOTT, Philadelphia, Pa.

There are many others, as for instance, Mrs. Swisshelm, Frances D. Gage, etc., whose addresses are unknown to us, but whose talents are known throughout the Union.

SIGNIFICANT FACTS.

After a long silence on the part of our esteemed and worthy friend, Rufus Elmer, he has at length appeared to us, in the familiar form wherein we have been most accustomed to see him. He always comes to us with a small bundle of well-selected but most unaccommodating facts—we mean such as are not easily accommodated to the wants of the opposition. To some he may appear like one of Shakspeare's spirits, "in a *questionable* shape;" but he will generally be found to carry a "sharp stick" in his hand, which he uses, in a good-natured way, to "stir up" the sleepers in Zion.

FRIEND BRITTAN:

It is a fact confirmed by observation and experience, that mediums for Spirit-communications are generally subject to peculiar nervous phenomena, especially in the first stages of their development. It is a fact that they are frequently told, through other mediums, that they must abstain from animal food, and, at times, that they should partake of vegetable food very sparingly, or abstain from it altogether. It is a fact that when mediums are controlled by some invisible influence or power independent of their own minds, their appetites are sometimes temporarily destroyed, or their hands are controlled so as to prevent them from eating meat or the usual quantity of other food. It is a fact that many mediums are under the impression that animal food is injurious to health, and that they abstain from it entirely. It is a fact that many physicians and physiologists affirm that a rigid vegetable diet has a peculiar effect upon the nervous system—refining its susceptibilities and powers. It is a fact that Sir Walter Scott describes the effects of what he calls "a severe vegetable diet" upon himself, as follows: "I was affected while under its influence with a nervousness which I never felt before or since, a disposition to start upon slight alarms; a want of decision in feeling and acting, which has not usually been my failing; an acute sensibility to trifling inconveniencies; and an unnecessary apprehension of contingent misfortunes, rise to my memory as connected with vegetable diet."

It is, moreover, a fact that the Spirit Mediums of the olden times—prophets, apostles, and seers—*were in the habit of dieting and fasting.* For instance, the prophet Daniel, previous to his visions and trances, in which he was touched, taken hold of, and set upon his feet, by a Spirit whom he called the Angel Gabriel—"*who had the appearance of a man*"—refused "the king's meat and the wine which he drank; he ate no pleasant bread, neither came flesh nor wine into his mouth at all, till three whole weeks were fulfilled;" and it is said that his usual nourishment was "water and pulse." It is recorded that even Jesus of Nazareth, previous to his taking his disciples up into the high mountain atmosphere, where they saw the departed spirits of Moses and Elias, "*fasted forty days.*" It is a fact that when the disciples of Jesus failed to relieve a poor medium of a troublesome Spirit, they were told "that kind goeth not out except by *fasting* and prayer;" and it is a fact that the principal food of that most excellent speaking medium, John the Baptist, was "locusts and wild honey."

O thou boasted science! whose province it is to recognize and explain these facts—if they can be explained upon any material hypothesis—where art thou? O ye blind guides, who preach the old Spiritual manifestations while ye sneer at the new, which are proved by innumerable stubborn facts to be strictly analagous, how long will ye "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel?" Surely the immutable laws of Divine Providence have hidden these things from the much-respected—the reverend, "wise, and prudent," and revealed them to those who "make themselves of no reputation," and are accounted "babes."

RUFUS ELMER.

SPRINGFIELD, MASS., *Sept. 10th*, 1853.

"SPIRITUALISM," BY EDMONDS AND DEXTER.

From the main body of this work we make the following extract:

Mr. Warren here alluded to some teachings which he had lately seen, and which purported to be from Swedenborg, and he desired to know if they were from him? It was answered:

Let it be understood, once for all, that since I have been permitted the use of the Doctor's hand, I have not written any thing through any person's hand, except, perhaps, an answer to some question, or a greeting to some individual for whom I have a particular friendship. I have felt it important that I should refrain from promiscuous writing, that it might give more authority to our work, and that the Doctor might be satisfied that what I said to him two years since was true.

After a pause, it was added:

Judge, are you able to be impressed for a few moments? I will try and explain why there are so many communications purporting to be from me, by showing to your mind the reasons.

I replied, Yes, I felt very well. And I withdrew my thoughts from external objects in order to aid them. In a short time a train of thought was thrust upon my mind, which I followed for a while, when I asked, "Am I right in my conception of your ideas?" and it was answered through the Doctor:

Go on; we will tell you as you proceed.

I then gave utterance to the following:

It is now about one hundred years since Sweedenborg proclaimed to the world that he had personal intercourse with the Spirit-land. It was the first instance since the days of Jesus that Spirit-communication to such an extent had been known among men. There had been occasional instances during the previous fifteen or sixteen centuries, in which there had been Spirit-intercourse, in which the Spirits had made repeated attempts to open communion with man. But the intercourse through him, proclaimed to the world by him, was of a more extended and marked character, and had attracted the attention of mankind to a greater degree than any thing since the Crucifixion. When he died, unlike most men, when he entered the Spirit-world, he knew all about the existence on which he entered, in consequence of his previous experience. He at once discovered how much of what he had taught was true, and how much erroneous; and how much it would benefit mankind if the knowledge he had acquired when in the body could be diffused abroad among them generally. In this respect he was far ahead of many who had long preceded him in their entrance into the Spirit-land. He felt it to be at once his mission to endeavor to extend that knowledge, in order that he might elevate man from the depression with which ages of ignorance, bigotry, and superstition had afflicted him. He therefore devoted himself exclusively to that object, and sought for aid throughout the whole Spirit-world; reasoning with some, importuning others, demonstrating to inquiring minds the reality of which they had no conception; calling on philosophers for their assistance, and upon affection for its aid; in fine, invoking throughout by considerations not only affecting man's elevation upon earth, but his elevation and happiness in the next sphere, their coöperation in this great work. This labor of his was conducted with the earnestness that could flow only from the most settled and thorough conviction of the reality and practicability of Spiritual intercourse.

That conviction which attended him in his passage from this world to the Spirit-land was increased a thousand-fold by what he witnessed there.

It is important to notice here, that these untiring and strenuous efforts of his, causing him to range far and near, high and low through the regions of space, necessarily caused him to be known to vast numbers of Spirits, as being engaged in that work, and as having had experience in his earthly life. But when he had succeeded in attracting the attention of Spirits to the subject to an extent sufficient to insure adequate coöperation, it became primarily a subject of inquiry, "How it was to be done."

The mere proclamation through one or a few persons, it had already been discovered in his own case, amounted to little or nothing. To a few only could a knowledge of it be brought home, and with fewer still could any belief be produced. The very slight progress of the Sweedenborgians for a hundred years is evidence of that. Hence the importance of the inquiry, "How was it to be done?" Man was so sensuous, so material, so merely animal in his nature, that the mere address of mind to mind could not effect the great purpose in ages.

Even the teachings of Jesus, if they had been, like Sweedenborg's, unaccompanied by any thing addressing itself to man's animal nature, would have been almost as ineffectual as his. The miracles, as they were called, which attended the mission of Jesus, were powerful if not essential elements in the propagation of his doctrines. Hence it was apparent that some mode of reaching man's physical perceptions must be devised, and that not through one person only, as in the case of Jesus, or through a few—a score or two, as in the case of his immediate disciples—but, if possible, through great numbers; thus not only diffusing the knowledge abroad among men, but affording the most satisfactory evidence against the charge of collusion. And it was reasoned that, as in the case of Jesus and his disciples, in the case of Sweedenborg himself, and in the case of others through whom Spiritual communications had been made in past times, a peculiar condition of their physical nature had allowed it, so that same condition existing in many others, as it necessarily must, might be availed of to effect the great end in view. Therefore the first direction of the minds engaged in this work was to affect the greatest number of those whose physical condition would permit them to be affected. Clairvoyance and psychometry were something toward it, paving the way, as it were, like John in the wilderness; but still there was wanting the evidence addressed to the senses, which man's physical condition so imperatively required. At length, through the combined efforts of those engaged in the work, and chiefly through the practical philosophy of FRANKLIN, the mode of communication by *raps* was discovered. When, at length, it was learned on earth that a communication could be had with Spirits by rappings (and it was a considerable time after the discovery had been made in the spheres), then the Spirits sought out others whose physical condition permitted the raps to be heard through them also, and thus rapping mediums were noticed in other sections of the country. At first, as you will all remember, this Spirit-intercourse was held almost entirely by rappings. Various other phases of it, now known, have gradually grown up since then, and are the result of the progress thus far made.

When the mode of communication by raps was discovered, it was manifested in this country in preference to any other, for two reasons. First, it was the country of FRANKLIN. Second, this country was in the enjoyment of greater mental freedom than existed in any other part of the world, or had ever been known in it; for here man was free to investigate what he ever he pleased, because truth was left free to combat it. As the intercourse through *physical* manifestations extended and progressed, and men became believers in Spiritual intercourse, they became (by virtue of a law whose existence and operation the wiser Spirits know full well) more and more capable of being approached by Spirits, until moral or mental manifestations (call them which you will) have extended and are extending to a still wider range than physical manifestations have ever obtained. This

vast numbers have been found in this sphere of existence, through whom, either by mental or physical manifestations, disembodied Spirits have been able to communicate with man in the form. Now this has not been by a miracle, a prodigy, a special providence, or the suspension of God's immutable laws, but it has been in accordance with, and in execution of those laws. Hence the power of Spirits out of the body to commune with Spirits in the body is not confined to a few, but belongs to all, as a part of their nature.

There may, it is true, be exceptions of Spirits too material and gross to approach up to the level of your stage of existence; but, with that exception, all in the Spirit-world, whether wise or foolish, progressed or undeveloped, vicious and evil-disposed, or virtuous and holy, can alike exercise the prerogative of communing.

As the knowledge of this new discovery was diffused abroad among the inhabitants of the Spirit-world, it was received by them with an interest far more intense than any of which you can conceive: and is strongly in contrast with the obstinate blindness with which mankind in this sphere receive it.

Many Spirits, bound to the earth by the strong ties of attachment for those whom they have recently left, are anxious to commune with them. Many who have too long ago passed from earth to have any such personal ties, are still drawn to earth by the propensities which have marked their life here, and which still linger around them. Some wish to commune from an unselfish desire to alleviate the condition of mankind. Others, alas! feeling still the passions which tainted their mortal career, desire to commune in gratification of their fear, their hatred, their envy, or their jealousy. And, I repeat, that as the reality of Spiritual intercourse was the natural result of man's progression, all these various classes of Spirits could commune, the one as well as the other.

But many found this difficulty. Mankind had so long been in the habit of bowing to the authority of names, that neither mediums, nor persons in the flesh communicating through them, were willing to receive communications unless they bore the sanction of some great or distinguished name, or some name which would of itself have influence upon medium or interrogator. For instance, how often have you yourselves seen when a Spirit has attempted to communicate, that the first question was, "Who are you?" Not what do you teach? but who are you! And how often have you seen, when an unknown name has been given, that the Spirit has been repelled and not permitted to commune at all! Now this has been observed in the Spirit-world over and over again, and the knowledge of it extends all through and among those who have attempted to have communion. And those who have either had a name that was odious among men, or one obscure and unknown, have found that by this besetting propensity of man to worship the authority of name, they were to be entirely excluded from the privilege of intercourse if they attempted to do so in their own name. And this privilege, so much more highly prized by them than you, they were to be deprived of by your perverseness, if they truly told you who they were.

It is not strange, therefore, that very many, either from an over-anxiety to commune, or from a careless disregard of what they deemed a trivial falsehood, assumed false names; and among all those who have been falsely personated, there has been no one more frequently so than Sweedenborg; for the simple reason, that there is no one in the Spirit-world so generally known as him, as identified with this new discovery. And many of those who assume his name do not know but that on earth, among you, he is regarded in the same light in connection with this matter. Hence they so often take his name, and because they suppose it will be the most acceptable to you.

Let it be not supposed, however, that all those who falsely assume his name intend to teach falsehood, or to make a statement in any other respect untrue. They perceive that the price they must pay for communing is this false personation, apparently harmless to them, for they can not help asking themselves, Why do men care so much more for name than for substance! But they intend in all else to teach truthfully as far as they know. Some, indeed, having learned what Sweedenborg did teach, suppose they are teaching exactly his doctrine now. But there are some who, for mischievous purposes, assume a false character, and teach false doctrine to deceive and mislead.

Out of this general statement the danger of Spiritual intercourse may be discovered. Out of these crudities and false teachings the truth must be sifted, as must often be done in mere mundane matters. We have but one guide, but one protector against the errors which may thus mislead. That guide is the free, unbiased, candid exercise of our reason; that protector is purity of intention, holiness of thought, and a firm reliance upon the providence of God.

CAUSE OF THE RAPPINGS DISCOVERED.

Last Saturday evening quite a serio-comico affair occurred in Cambridgeport, in one of the pretty cottages of that place. About nine o'clock, as two young ladies were seated in a room engaged in reading, one of them had her attention attracted to an item in a newspaper, which dwelt on the "Spiritual rapping," now so prevalent; and while having her mind absorbed in this article, she thought she heard a noise proceeding from a cupboard in the apartment, and being of a very susceptible disposition, it much alarmed her.

She apprised her companion of the fact, when they both heard three distinct raps, which caused them to be very much frightened, and deranged the economy of their tippets and ruffles. After recovering somewhat from their confusion, they mustered sufficient courage to question the "rapper," enjoining it, "If you are the spirit of my mother to signify it." Three loud raps, most solemn in their import to them, were the response. In a moment graceful positions were assumed by both ladies, and—they fainted.

Another young lady fortunately passed the apartment soon after; noticing the condition of the fair occupants, she succeeded in arousing them from their lethargy, and inquired to what it was owing. So terrified were they, that all she could elucidate from them, was "Cupboard, cupboard!" Wishing to divine the meaning of these words of such mysterious import, she went to the cupboard and opened it, when lo! out jumped an enormous—rat! The mischievous animal had crawled into a tin pan, which was hanging against the wall, and in his efforts to get out had caused the "Manifestations." The conclusion of this affair, relative to the conduct of the young ladies after they were made aware of the cause of all their misery, is too rich to be described.

The foregoing article from the *Boston Transcript* proves, as clearly as some other things are proved, that the tendency of rats is to cause susceptible young ladies to faint. Will not some erudite editor or preacher give us a solemn disquisition on the impropriety of rats, abstractly considered, and especially on the danger of their sustaining tangible relations to "tin pans?"—Ed.

DICKENS AND SPIRITUALISM.

Friend Brittan:

A short time since, on looking over a late number of "*Gleason's Pictorial Drawing Room Companion*," my eye rested upon a quotation from Dickens, which was as follows:

"The Memory of the Dead.—It is a beautiful and exquisite thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched or softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms, in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often, and how long may those patient angels hover about us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten amid the din of worldly jarrings."

This paragraph struck me very forcibly at the time, knowing that either before or since it was written, its author has been very much against Spiritualism in the form in which it now comes, and had poured out a very severe tirade against Mrs. Hayden (our well-known medium from Boston) on her arrival in London. To me, it seems a very favorable omen that Spiritualism is progressing on bravely. Mr. Dickens has indeed taken the first step, and, let us not despair, for he may yet prove to be one of the noblest champions of our cause. But first, let him not reject the media, or pour out his invectives against the Spirits; then investigate the subject thoroughly. If he still think it a humbug after he has had evidence which should convince any man, then let him keep away from, and cease abusing it. For 'tis a mighty thing which causes old orthodoxy to tremble in its shoes, for fear its sectarian bars may be rent asunder and its prisoners go free—a thing which is tearing down the tottering Babel tower of theology, and which will build upon its ruins the spacious temple of truth and justice; and a thing which shall place all men on a plane of equality. So let it be.

Yours, for the truth, M. E. KENDALL.

South Boston, *August* 23, 1853.

LETTER FROM A CLERICAL FRIEND.

Our good brother, who writes the following letter, has been required to pass through a severe ordeal; but the discipline has evidently not been lost, for amid the darkest scenes of mortal conflict, his chastened spirit becomes more serene and hopeful, life more significant, and the future more glorious.

The lines by Mary are pervaded by a spirit of tenderness and a loving and hopeful faith, which are grateful to the bereaved and sorrowing heart.—Ed.

Carlton, *August* 28, 1853.

My dear Brittan:

Since early manhood, life has never appeared so beautiful nor God so glorious, as since emerging from pecuniary difficulties and residing in these "Northwoods," surrounded by the intelligent group of little ones intrusted to our care; but especially when the light from the future began to radiate across the dark boundary of the present, did the designs of the Omnipotent Father appear indeed perfect. Upon this little plot of earth on the banks of the Oak Orchard, which in common parlance we call *ours*, is a beautiful grove of oaks, pines, and other evergreens, variegated near the surface with wild roses, whortleberry, and wintergreen, wherein, four years since, we made a sacred deposit of the remains of a son four years old. Here we continue to weep and pray and plant flowers, yearning to enfold to our hearts that beautifully developed form that was, and to realize again the affectionate responses of soul to soul. Oh, how tenderly engrossing in look and tone and movement does that sweet boy live in our thoughts and affections! But no external manifestations have been made here, as we are pretty much alone in this belief, and perhaps don't know how to induce them.

On the eleventh of June, ultimo, we made a fresh entry in that registry of earth. Wendell, between eleven and twelve years old, all life, all soul, the first of his age in school, in labor—slight but powerful—widely known for his years, and loved as far as known—was killed instantly by passing under a roller he was using away from home. Having no living impression of his countenance, we called an artist to give us those crushed features, so beautiful in his last repose. But God preserves the original of which we shall realize never-ending joy—preserves it here even, in recollection, and will preserve it while we tread the vale below. But the shadow of the Death Angel is not altogether dark. His wings begin to be illumined with light from beyond the sunset of earth. That grave is becoming our passage to glory. Our treasures center there where the material rests, while the germ, adorned with what of celestial beauty it may appropriate in its earthly experience, may go home.

Mary (our eldest girl) has just come in from the grove, where she found a little bird, which, assaying to fly, lit upon their graves. How symbolical of the earthly career of those resting beneath!

The following lines, so indicative of our feelings, were written by Mary, part of which, in a mutilated manner, appeared in the *Rural New Yorker;* but upon finding that, by adding four lines to each, they might be sung in the tune of the "Broken Vow," she made an amendment, which we desire to have published. * * * * *

Yours, truly, CYRUS THOMPSON.

TO MY BROTHER.

BY MARY.

Air—"The Broken Vow."

Wendell, brother, why art sleeping
On this pleasant summer day!
Fragrant zephyrs softly creeping
Come to call thy steps away—
Little birds are sweetly singing,
"Come where pleasant sunbeams glow,
Come where gentle flowers are springing."
Wendell, brother, why not go!
Why, why so still art lying
When the beauteous birds are flying,
Why are we thus sadly sighing
Farewell, farewell!

Wendell, oh! alas! my brother,
Singing birds and summer flowers
Ne'er shall call thee from that other
Happy region back to ours.
Wendell, speak but once more to us;
Tell us all we long to know;
Ope once more thine eyes and view us,
Then, oh, then we'll let thee go!
Let us see thy footsteps springing;
Let us hear thy glad voice ringing;
Let us cease this sad, sad singing,
Farewell, farewell!

'Tis in vain—those pale lips never
Shall give forth their music more;
Earth hath lost thy song forever,
Time, thy footsteps on its shore.
Sadly must we lay another
Of our faded blossoms by;
Close beside where rests the other
Shall its withered petals lie.
Oh, why must we who thus nourish
Flowers of beauty, see them perish!
Why must say to those we cherish,
Farewell, farewell!

Wendell, now we've gently laid thee
Where thy little brother sleeps;
Trees of fragrant beauty shade thee,
And the zephyr softly creeps—
Parts their leaves with gentle finger,
Waves their tresses o'er thy head.
Birds, and balm, and blossoms linger
'Round their olden playmate's bed;
O'er thee play the sunbeams brightly;
O'er thee stray the zephyrs lightly;
Stars are softly whispering nightly,
Farewell, farewell!

Here's thy bed—but mid supernal
Song and bloom thy footsteps rove;
Brother, in that home eternal
Thou so soon hast found above,
Wilt thou think of us who wander,
Spirit-bound, with sin and fear!
Wilt thou tell the Spirits yonder
Of thy kindred waiting here!
Tell them that on some bright morrow
We the golden harps would borrow,
Never more to sing in sorrow
Farewell, farewell!

Happy thought, my faith grows stronger,
Brothers, sisters, dry your eyes;
Weeping parents, mourn no longer
For your angels in the skies;
For, oh, when ye've left the mortal,
When the shadowy vale ye've trod,
Their fair hands may lift the portal,
They may lead you home to God.
Let us pledge our hearts, in token
That we'll be a band unbroken,
'Round that throne where ne'er is spoken
Farewell, farewell!

EXORCISM BY HOLY WATER A FAILURE.

Mr. Editor:

In your paper of the 17th inst. I notice you intimate that the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Albany intends to exorcise Spirits, or, in other words, cast out devils. It may be of interest to the rev. gentleman and the balance of the Catholic clergy to know that the thing has been tried and can not be done. The Catholic clergymen of St. Louis tried it last spring, and failed; they could effect nothing.

The case was as follows: Four silly, sadly-educated girls, of ages ranging from fifteen to twenty, having gathered together at a friend's house (in the name of somebody, I know not who), to "have a time with the Spirits," or, in other words, to trifle with Spiritual Manifestations, having seated themselves around a table, and after asking all manner of foolish questions, they requested the Spirits to *take hold of them*. The Spirits complied at once, and seized them, treating them in the roughest manner imaginable—shaking their bodies, causing them to saw the air, and use the most outrageous language, etc. One of the dignitaries of the mother church was sent for—some say it was Archbishop Kendrick who officiated, but I guess it was only an ordinary priest—one of those they keep for "casting out devils." Had it been for the invocation of an angel, I suppose the Bishop would have attended to it himself; but as it was only exorcising a few demons, any of the ordinary priests could perform the service.

Well, after the priest had arrived at the scene of disorder that so much required his services (?), he put on his robes, got ready the holy water, and approached the possessed girls with all the dignity of Pio Nono himself. After a few sallies of the fluid and sundry motions, without effect, the mediums charged on him with their finger-nails. He, like a sensible animal, was not long in finding the door, much to the amusement of the spectators, many of whom had come to view the miraculous flight of devils.

The padre has not been seen in that vicinity since. The girls were used roughly by these discordant Spirits for some hours afterward, when, by the direction of some Spiritualists, they were relieved.

The Boston *Pilot* said, some time ago, "that a few hearty prayers and a plentiful supply of holy water" would keep down the humbug. Now, I will agree to produce a medium that the whole Catholic Church can not affect. They may collect oceans of holy water, and any thing else that will make their orgies imposing; and if they can stop the manifestations of Spirits through the medium, I will agree to raise enough money to build at least one small-sized church.

Yours, etc., SPIRITUS.

New York, *Sept.* 13*th*, 1853.

FROM THE SPIRIT OF A CLERGYMAN.

Mr. Editor:

This communication purported to be from Elder S. Hutchinson, a Free-Will Baptist minister of Standish, Me., who left this sphere some twenty or thirty years since. His style of speaking is said to have been very much the same as here written. If you think it worthy a place in your columns, you can insert it. It was written one year ago; since which time we have had many, very many written communications, many very satisfactory evidences of the presence of those who have gone to the "shadowy land." At one time an Indian chief wrote hieroglyphics, and explained them. At another time quite a lengthy communication was written through the medium's hand, and after trying in vain to decipher it, it was passed round the circle until it came to a young Frenchman who once lived near the boundary line between Germany and France. He pronounced it a communication from his father in the German language. That was the language generally used by him.

Yours, truly, PETER R. HALL.

Windham, Me.

Mrs. Hall.—You have been wanting to hear from me; also I have been wishing to write to you. You wished me to write in regard to Spiritual Manifestations. They will be the greatest blessing to them that attend properly to them, that ever was since Christ was crucified. You are in the "straight and narrow path," friends, that leads to "life eternal." Keep in this path; heed the advice of your guardian Spirits, and great will be your reward.

You are laughed at, and the finger of scorn is often pointed at you, for your belief; but what matter what men say? Spirits will love you—they will watch over you, so that when this fitful dream of life is o'er, you will be borne away by angelic Spirits to mansions of eternal rest. When those that scorn you enter the Spirit-land, they will be ashamed of their weakness, while you will rise above them in wisdom and goodness, for listening to the Spirit of your companions on earth who have left their frail bodies. When Christ was on earth, he was scorned, repulsed; and should he come again as he came before, the proud ministers of the day would not "stoop," as they would say, to speak to him. The world is in as bad a state as in times past. You may consider this the beginning of the millennium. You see how it is received by the church in general. "Humbug," is the cry of the ministers of this day. If they really wanted the true light to shine, they would try and investigate the matter. The church, Mrs. Hall, has ceased to perform its duty. It has run altogether to show and flattery, but the true beacon-light is dawning; its rays are faint and dimly to be seen now, but soon they will shine out with splendor; and those who hearken now will reap their reward. Time presses, I must away. At some other time I will come again. My business must be attended to. Persevere, my friends. Angels will rejoice at your progress and faith. May the blessings of an all-merciful God rest upon you all. Adieu, my friends, adieu.

Phebe Lary, *Medium.* SAMUEL HUTCHINSON.

Allegory.—The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German: "Sophronius, a wise teacher, would not suffer even his grown-up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright. "Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her, in company with her brother, to visit the gentle Lucinda, "you must think us very childish if you imagine that we should be exposed to danger by it." The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child, take it." Eulalia did so, and behold her beautiful white hand was soiled and blacked, and as it chanced, her white dress also. "We can not be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation. "Yes, truly," said her father, "you see, my child, that coals, even if they do not burn, blacken; so it is with the company of the vicious."

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1853.

BUSINESS NOTICES.

An Explanation.—Our Patrons are respectfully informed that the subscription and mail books of the Telegraph are left entirely to the care of our mailing clerk, and consequently *the proprietors themselves do not know at what particular time the subscription of any one of their patrons may terminate.* Moreover, the business of the office is so managed that when a subscription expires the name no longer appears before the person who writes the wrappers. The reader is requested to accept this as an explanation for any seeming abruptness which may characterize the discontinuance of the paper.

Advertising.—The Publishers will insert a limited number of advertisements as circumstances will permit, always providing, the subject to which it is proposed to invite public attention is deemed compatible with the spirit and objects of the paper. All advertisements must be paid for *in advance*, at the rate of 12½ cents per line, for the first insertion, and 6 cents per line for each subsequent insertion.

All Orders for Books and Papers.—Except from those wholesale dealers with whom we have open accounts—should be accompanied with the cash. When books are to be sent by mail, the remittance should be sufficient to cover the postage, otherwise the purchaser is required to pay double at the place of delivery.

HOME AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

Remarkable Enterprise and Skill.—Among the American artisans who contribute to the attractions of the great exhibition at the Crystal Palace, Genin ranks—as every body would naturally infer—among the most conspicuous. Men of genius are not all painters, poets, sculptors, and musicians—manifestly not. Genin is a genius, in his way, and, perhaps, the first of his class. His last effort is destined to cast a shade—*lighter* and yet *darker* than the shadow of a laurel crown—over the brows of thousands. We advise all who have brains to carefully preserve them from exposure to the elements. For this purpose Genin's last production is admirably adapted. If any one happens to be wanting in the particular part referred to, Genin may not supply that, but he can cover the spot—

"Where the same ought to be"—

so skillfully, that ordinary observers, charmed with the outward grace and beauty, may not discover the internal deficiency. In this last statement we are, of course, obliged to depend—as we do in many external matters—on several cotemporaries of the secular press, whose opinions are believed to be founded in experience.

Table-talk, or knocking, sometimes leads to embarrassing results, as proved by the following gossip current at Berlin. A party met, the other night, and formed a chain, and when the "fluid" was in movement, a married lady present put the question, "How many children have I!" "Tap, tap, tap, tap—or four," replied the table. "True—wonderful!" exclaimed the lady, and all others. Presently her husband came in and asked the same question. "Tap, tap—or two," was the answer. The effect produced by this may be better conceived than described. This might be termed "scandalous table-talk."

The "Mental Telegraph" is noticed generally by our exchanges, and by some old fogy presses with a sneer. Others have bid the young inventor go on, and perfect his crude machine. This he will do, and we firmly believe his studies will result in a world-wonder. Will it not be a wonderful thing to see the present telegraphs superseded by a telegraph, to the opposite batteries of which a man in New York and a man in Cleveland becoming attached, may silently converse.—Plain Dealer.

A Boston robber, after stealing $500 worth of silver plate and other valuables from the residence of John P. Jewett, left the following note:

Sept. 4th, '53.

To The Land Lord, Present:

Dear Sir—I have been by poverty compelled to rob your house. I can truly say against my "conscience" I have honesty, but poverty knows no bounds.

I shall repay you two-fold in a few months.

Yours, truly, "POVERTY."

Coal Combination.—All the coal companies and mine proprietors on the Ohio, below Louisville, have agreed jointly to have an advance in the price of coal, and further, that on the first Monday of November they will hold a Convention for the purpose of organizing themselves into an Association for the purpose of protection.

Asthma.—Persons who have tested the following recipe, vouch that it will cure the asthma:

Iodide Potassa,	½ oz.
Water,	1 pint.

Dose for an adult, a small wine-glassful three times a day.

Australia.—A strong feeling in favor of independence is gaining ground in Australia. There is no great cause of dissatisfaction with the English rule, and the chief reforms demanded by the colonists have been conceded, but there is among the people of that region a growing sentiment, founded on the best of grounds, that they are entitled to govern themselves, and that there is no especial reason why they should submit to the rule of a country separated from them by half the circumference of the earth.

Black Sheep.—The pastor of the Dutch Reformed Church, at Kingston, New York, is charged by a portion of the consistory of his congregation with conduct disqualifying him for the ministry. He is to be tried, when we shall see what his sin is.

M. Jullien's benefit in aid of New Orleans, netted about $1,800.

Elections.—Vermont has lately held an election, and the rum or anti-Maine Law folk have gained ground. Political parties remain nearly as before. In Maine, an election has resulted in strengthening the Maine Law party—political parties are scarcely changed in position.

Patriotic.—On the 6th inst., the 77th anniversary of the memorable tragedy at Groton Heights, Conn., was celebrated by the people of New London and vicinity. At Baltimore, on the 12th inst., the anniversary of the Battle of North Point was celebrated. On the 10th inst., the anniversary of the naval victory on Lake Erie, was celebrated at Newport, where the widow of Commodore Perry now resides. The Commodore died in the West Indies, in 1820; he was 27 years old when he won his famous victory.

Musical Dog.—A French paper gives an account of a dog so trained by his master to detect musical discords, that he became the terror of all second-rate performers, and was invited to concerts as excelling in criticism in all that related to time and tone. His method of criticism was to howl at every discordant note. His master thus taught him by at first beating him when a discord occurred, and the dog soon became a better monitor than his master. Could much more be beaten into a human!

Woman's Rights.—A New York brute (lawyer, name not given) has been beating his wife, the daughter of Dudley Selden, an eminent lawyer of this city, at Newport. That is the real fashionable, materialistic doctrine—"keep woman down; if not by logic, why knock her down." Such was the practical, gay sentiment of the late World's Temperance Convention, and of the mob who broke up the Woman's Rights meeting at the Tabernacle.

The appearance of frost has been noticed at Albany and other points south of the St. Lawrence.

Mr. Tufts, of Medford, Mass., who gave the site for the Universalist College, Walnut Hill, has made his will, giving two hundred thousand dollars to the College.

Father Gavazzi, the eloquent Italian, lectured on Sunday evening (the 11th inst.), in Springfield, Mass., in the Rev. Dr. Osgood's Church (Unitarian) to a crowded audience.

The Peace Congress at Edinburgh is now fixed for the 12th and 18th of October, and a very large attendance is expected from both the Old and the New World.

Dr. Gardiner, in the Medical Gazette, remarks that within the last few years, intermittent fevers and influenzas have been unusually rife among us, and attributes it to the introduction of the Croton water, by which the city has been deprived of its wells, and the rains and snows formerly caught by them are absorbed in the ground.

Interesting Statistics.—A gentleman claiming to be a "friend of the human race," and who keeps the run of facts, figures, and babies, has just laid before "an inquiring world" the following statistics:

"The whole number of languages spoken in the world amounts to 3,064; 578 in Europe, 936 in Asia, 276 in Africa, and 1,264 in America. The inhabitants of our globe profess more than 1,000 different religions. The number of men is about equal to the number of women. The average of human life is about 33 years. One quarter part die before the age of 7 years; and one half before reaching 17 years of age, and those who pass this age enjoy a felicity refused to one half the human species. To every 10,000 persons, only one reaches 100 years of life; to every 100, only six reach 66 years, and not more than one in 5,000 lives to 80 years of age. There are on the earth 1,000,000,000 inhabitants, and of these 333,333,333 die every year, 91,324 every day, 3,730 every hour, 60 every minute, or one every second. These losses are about balanced by the equal number of births. The married are longer lived than the single, and above all, those who observe a sober and industrious conduct. Tall men live longer than short ones. Women have more chances of life in their favor previous to being 50 years of age than men have, but fewer afterward. The number of marriages is in proportion of 175 to every 1,000 individuals. Marriages are more frequent after the equinoxes; that is, during the months of June and December. Those born in the spring are generally more robust than others. Births and deaths are more frequent by night than day. The number of men capable of bearing arms is calculated at one fourth of the population."

Influence of the Church.—We gave our readers in the last issue of the Telegraph, some remarkable comments from the New York Evangelist (Presbyterian) touching the position and influence of the Church in connection with the progressive spirit of the age. Here is something in point from the Independent, equally interesting. The Editor of the Independent says:

"Among all the earnest-minded young men who are at this moment leading in thought and action in America, we venture to say that four fifths are skeptical even of the great historical facts of Christianity. What is told as Christian doctrine by the churches is not even considered by them. And furthermore, there is among them a general ill-concealed distrust of the clerical body as a class, and an utter disgust with the very aspect of modern Christianity and of church worship. This skepticism is not flippant; little is said about it. It is not a peculiarity alone of the radicals and fanatics; many of them are men of calm and even balance of mind, and belong to no class of ultraists. It is not worldly and selfish. The doubters lead in the most self-denying enterprises of the day."

Jenny Lind a Mother.—The Philadelphia Bulletin understands that Madame Otto Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) has presented her husband with a son and heir. The event took place on the 5th of August, in the city of Dresden, where Madame Goldschmidt now resides.

The Comet.—Prof. Jewett, of North Carolina, predicted a return of the late comet on the 13th inst., and that it would strike our globe. He was slightly mistaken.

No one Left to Tell the Tale.—We are informed of a singular mortality in the New Orleans associate office of the mercantile agency of Wm. Goodrich & Co, of this city. All the clerks died successively, and then the agent. The doors were locked up by the porter, a colored man, who also died the day after he had telegraphed the state of things to the principal office.—Phil. Ledger.

The Ericsson.—In reply to numerous inquiries in relation to the Caloric ship, we will state generally, that our faith in Ericsson's entire success is still undiminished. Between this and the first of the coming month, we think a practical answer will be given to all skeptics by the ship herself, that will put the Caloric motor question forever at rest.—N. Y. Mirror.

Rum's Work.—Two young men were killed by rum in Holmes County, Ohio, a few days since. Their wagon overturned owing to drunken driving, and crushed them to death.

The Diet of Copenhagen has granted a compensation of $50 for each slave set free in the Danish West India Colonies in 1848. The compensation will amount to about $1,000,000, but one half of this sum will revert to the king, who held many estates at the time of emancipation, and was a large mortgage holder upon others.

A young man died in Georgia recently who weighed 643 pounds. When 22 years old, he weighed 565 pounds. His death was caused by an accumulation of fat round the heart.

The amount of money on hand in the office of the Assistant Treasurer of New York on the 10th inst., was $8,907,393 01. Nearly nine millions of dollars!

Remarkable Longevity.—We have in our possession the names of 68 persons over 70 years of age, residents of the town of Mooers, in this County, where there is a population of between three and four thousand. Five of this number are above 90 years of age, and the oldest 99. Their aggregate ages are 5,150 years, and their average ages a fraction less than 76 years.—Pittsburg Whig.

A full respiration or two, previous to attempting to speak, is said to be an infallible remedy for stammering.

A tea-spoonful of salt thrown into the water will soften from three to four pails of hard water—so says the Maine Farmer.

A famous, or rather infamous bandit of California, named Joaquin, has been captured and his head taken off and preserved in spirits. He was a Mexican, in league with a large organized band, and had caused over a hundred murders. He was the most noted of modern robbers.

There is a deep and beautiful meaning in the saying of the wife of Jagellon, Duke of Lithuania. Some peasants coming to her in tears, complained that the servants of the King, her husband, had carried off their cattle. She went to her husband and obtained instant redress. "Their cattle have been restored to them," said the Queen, "but who shall give them back their tears!"

Immense Import of Iron.—There arrived at this city (New York) on Sunday the 11th inst., from Europe, an enormous quantity of iron, viz., 3,941 tons, 5,448 bars railroad, 1,297 tons pig, 34,629 bars, and 19,956 bundles iron.

Bulls Without Horns.—The Roman Catholic Journal of this city states that the most Rev. Archbishop of New York received on Tuesday the Bulls erecting Brooklyn, L. I.; Newark, New Jersey; Burlington, Vermont, and Portland, Maine, into Episcopal Sees, and naming to the See of Brooklyn, the very Rev. John Loughlin, Vicar-General of New York; to the See of Newark, the Rev. J. R. Bayley, Secretary to the Archbishop of New York; to the See of Burlington, the very Rev. L. de Goesbriand, Vicar-General of Cleveland, and to the See of Portland, the very Rev. H. B. Coskery, Vicar-General of Baltimore.

Compulsory vaccination is enforced in England, in the case of all children born after August 1st, 1853. It must be performed within four months after birth, and the child brought before a medical officer for his certificate of the success of the operation.

The Ruling Passion.—It is related in a biography of Lambert, the astronomer, of Mulhausen, that on being asked how he liked an opera at Berlin, to which he had been taken by some of his friends, he replied, that he had not seen it, as he had been occupied during the entire evening in calculating the refraction of light from the luster!

Crystal Palace.—The Board of Education has issued the programme of performances for the approaching visit of the pupils of the Public Schools to the Crystal Palace. The visit is intended as a reward for well doing to those who do well in the Schools.

Yellow Fever.—The whole country will be glad to hear that the yellow fever is rapidly subsiding at New Orleans, the deaths having fallen to about 30 per day or less. The papers of that city, however, state that the epidemic is stayed for want of material, and that total exemption from it can not be expected until the frost sets in. Strangers are warned to stay away from the city at present. Over $220,000 has been subscribed in aid of New Orleans, New York city giving about $50,000. The fever is raging at Mobile, and subscriptions are being raised for that city. The fever also prevails at several other points on the Gulf and Mississippi shore.

Interesting Miscellany.

LISTENING ANGELS.

Blue against the bluer heaven
Stood the mountain calm and still;
Two white angels, bending earthward,
Leaned upon the hill.

Listening leaned those silent angels,
And I also longed to hear
What sweet strain of earthly music
Thus could charm their ear.

I heard the sound of many trumpets,
And a warlike march draw nigh;
Solemnly a mighty army
Passed in order by.

But the clang had ceased; the echoes
Soon had faded from the hill;
While the angels, calm and earnest,
Leaned and listened still.

Then I heard a fainter clamor;
Forge and wheel were clashing near,
And the reapers in the meadow
Singing loud and clear.

When the sunset came in glory,
And the toil of day was o'er,
Still the angels leaned in silence,
Listening as before.

Then, as daylight slowly vanished,
And the evening mists grew dim,
Solemnly from distant voices
Rose a vesper hymn.

But the chant was done; and, lingering,
Died upon the evening air;
Yet from the hill the radiant angels
Still were listening there.

Silent came the gathering darkness,
Bringing with it sleep and rest;
Save a little bird was singing
In her leafy nest.

Through the sounds of war and labor
She had warbled all day long,
While the angels leaned and listened,
Only to her song.

But the starry night was coming,
And she ceased her little lay;
From the mountain-top the angels
Slowly passed away.

PREMATURE INTERMENTS,

AND THE UNCERTAIN SIGNS OF DEATH.

BY GEORGE WATTERSTON, M.D.

The following article originally appeared in *Sartain's Magazine*. We omit the introductory portion of the paper, as it would not particularly interest our readers. The facts contained in the part which we have transferred to our columns are extremely interesting, and should serve as a salutary warning. Especially is great caution required at this time, when so many are subject to *trances*, and to intervals of suspended animation, which in their more external aspects are analagous to death. Let it ever be borne in mind that decomposition is the only infallible sign of dissolution.—Ed.

In France, premature interments frequently occur from the prevailing practice there of burying bodies too soon. In the course of twelve years, it is asserted that ninety-four cases were prevented by fortuitous circumstances. Of these, thirty-four persons came back to life the moment the funeral ceremonies were about to commence; thirteen recovered by the tender care and attention of their families; seven from the fall of the coffins; nine from wounds inflicted by the needle in sewing up their winding-sheets; five from the sensations of suffocation they felt in the coffin; nineteen from accidental delay in interring them, and six from doubts entertained of their death.

In England and the United States, interments are rarely made till decomposition, the most infallible sign of death, has commenced. In Germany, interment is prohibited by law for *three* days after death; and in the grave-houses attached to the burial-places of some of the principal towns of that nation, a curious and humane regulation exists, which requires bodies brought before the end of the three days allotted them to remain, to be laid on trestles, with rings on their toes and fingers to which bell-pulls are attached, so that if the corpse should revive, it may, by ringing for it, have immediate aid and assistance. After the three days, however, the body is considered as legally dead, and must be buried whether life be wholly extinct or not.

History furnishes a number of cases of premature interments in different countries, and some of the most curious and well-authenticated of these I proceed to give. Archbishop Geron, in the town of Cologne, was buried alive, and died in consequence of not being released in time from the tomb. The same misfortune, it is stated, happened in the same place, to Johannes Duns Scotus, who was afterward found with his hands torn and his head lacerated. The following case is mentioned by Maximillion Misson. The wife of one M. Mervache, a goldsmith of Poictiers, having been buried with some rings on her fingers, which she had requested to be put on while on her death-bed, a poor man of the neighborhood, acquainted with the fact, proceeded on the following night to open the grave and obtain possession of the rings; but being obliged to use considerable exertion to effect his object, he roused the woman from her death-like torper, who spoke to him, and began to complain of the injury he had done her. The robber, alarmed and terrified, made his escape, and the woman rose from her coffin, which he had left open, returned home, and in a few days was again in perfect health. She is said not only to have survived this misfortune for many years, but to have afterward been the mother of several children. Mason gives another instance of a nearly similar character.

In the year 1571, the wife of one of the magistrates of Cologne being buried with a valuable ring on one of her fingers, the grave-digger the next night opened the grave to take it off, but what was his consternation, when the supposed dead body squeezed his hand, and laid hold of him, in order to get out of the coffin. The thief, however, disengaging himself, made his escape in great haste, and the lady relieving herself in the best manner she could, hastened home, and knocked at the door, and called one of the servants by name, to whom she gave a brief account of what had occurred; but he regarded her as a phantom, and filled with horror, ran to his master to relate the terrible occurrence. The master turned it into ridicule. The lady, in the mean time, stood shivering in her shroud, till the door was finally opened to her. After being warmed, and treated in a proper manner, she was soon restored to as perfect a state of health as if no such misfortune had befallen her.

A still more curious and interesting case of premature interment occurred several years ago in Paris.

Two wealthy merchants lived in the same street, and were united together by the closest bonds of friendship. The one had a son, and the other a daughter, of nearly the same age. By being often together they formed a strong attachment for each other, which was encouraged and kept up by frequent visits, authorized by both fathers, who were highly gratified at the evidence of mutual attachment in their children, and which was in harmony with their desire to unite them in the bonds of matrimony. Accordingly, a marriage was about to be concluded between them, when a wealthy collector of the king's revenue saw and loved the daughter, and asked her in marriage. The charm of a superior fortune which he possessed soon induced her parent to change his resolution with respect to his neighbor's son; and the daughter's aversion to her new lover being overcome by her filial duty, she married the collector. The melancholy induced by this painful arrangement, so fatal to her happiness, threw her into a disorder in which her senses were so locked up as to give her the appearance of death, and she was buried as dead. Her first lover soon heard with profound grief of the event; but, as he remembered that she had once before been seized with a violent paroxysm of lethargy, he conceived that she might have been attacked by a similar disease. This opinion not only alleviated the excess of his sorrow, but induced him to bribe the grave-digger, by whose assistance he raised her from the tomb and conveyed her to a proper chamber, where, by the application of all the remedies he could think of, she was happily restored to life again. The young woman was probably in great consternation when she found herself in a strange house, beheld her darling lover sitting by her bed, and heard the detail of all that had befallen her during her paroxysm. Her grateful sense of the obligations she lay under to him, and that love she had always borne him, proved an irresistible advocate in his behalf; so that when she was perfectly restored, she justly concluded that she owed her life to him who had preserved it; and, as a proof of her affection, consented to accompany him to England, where they were married, and lived for several years in all the tender endearments of mutual love. About ten years after, however, they returned to Paris, where they lived without the care of concealment, because they conceived no one could ever suspect what had happened. But this did not prove to be the case, for the collector unluckily met his wife in a public walk, where he at once recognized her. He immediately accosted her, and though she endeavored to divert his suspicions, he parted from her fully persuaded that she was the very woman to whom he had some years ago been married, and for whose death he had gone into mourning. The collector, by great perseverance, not only discovered her residence, in spite of all the precautions she had taken to conceal herself, but claimed her as his wife before the court authorized to decide in such cases. In vain did the lover insist upon his right to her on the ground that he had taken care of her; that, but for his efforts and the measures he had resorted to, the lady would now have been rotting in her grave; that her former husband, who now claimed her, had renounced all claim to her by ordering her to be buried; that he might justly be arraigned for murder, in not using the precautions necessary to ascertain her death; and urged a thousand other reasons suggested by love; but, perceiving that the court were not likely to prove favorable to his claims, he determined not to await their decision, and accordingly escaped with his wife to a foreign country, where they continued to live in the enjoyment of peace and happiness till death closed their singular and romantic career.

A case of a very similar character is stated to have occurred in Paris, in 1810. Mademoiselle Lafourcade was a young woman of great personal beauty and illustrious family, who possessed great wealth. Among her numerous suitors was a young man, named Julien Bosuet, a poor *littérateur*, or journalist, of Paris, who proved to be her favorite lover. But her high birth induced her finally to reject him, and to wed a banker and a diplomatist of some distinction, named M. Renalle. This gentleman, however, after marriage, neglected and treated her with cruelty. She passed with him some years of wretchedness, and died—as it was supposed—for her condition so perfectly resembled death as to deceive all who saw her. She was buried in an ordinary grave, in the village in which she was born. Bosuet, filled with despair, and still inflamed by a profound attachment, hastened from the capital to the province in which the village lay, with the romantic purpose of disinterring the corpse and getting possession of her luxuriant tresses as a memento of her. At midnight he secretly unearthed the coffin, opened it, and, while in the act of detaching the hair, he was stopped by the unclosing of the eyes of her he so tenderly and ardently loved. She was aroused by the caresses of her lover from her lethargy or catalepsy, which had been mistaken for death. He frantically bore her to his lodgings in the village, and immediately employed the powerful restoratives which his medical learning suggested. She revived, and recognized her preserver, and remained with him until she slowly recovered her original health. She bestowed her heart upon her preserver, and returned no more to her husband, but concealing from him her resurrection, fled with him to America. Twenty years afterwaad they both returned to France, in the persuasion that time had so greatly altered the lady's appearance that her old friends would be unable to recognize her. But it would seem that they were mistaken. Her former husband, at the first meeting, actually recognized and immediately laid claim to his wife. Of course this claim was resisted, and a judicial tribunal sustained her and her preserver. It was decided that the peculiar circumstances of the case, with the long lapse of years, had annulled the original contract and the legality of the authority of the first husband, and that the man who had rescued her from the tomb, and with whom she had lived for so many years, was alone entitled to claim her as his wife.

These two strange cases, though apparently similar, occurred at different periods and in different places. In the latter the court seem to have been influenced by a higher sense of justice than that of the court which was about to decide against the claims of the preserver of his wife, and which he avoided by retiring with her to a foreign country.

Among the well-authenticated cases of premature interment, and restoration to life, is the following, which is recorded by Ochlenschlager. It occurred in Cologne in 1547. I give a translation from the original.

"Adocht, the reigning burgomaster at Cologne, had buried his young and beautiful wife. She had been subject to frequent fits, and in the last seemed to be dead, and was so considered. The funeral had been magnificent, and a vault in the great cathedral was to hold the body, which had been deposited in a coffin with glass panes and iron wire on the top, according to the manner of the time and the rank of the family, clad in costly robes, the head adorned with rich garlands, and the fingers with precious rings. The sexton, named Peter Bold, had locked the door and returned home, where a scene of a very different nature awaited him. His own wife had prematurely given birth to a fine boy, and was totally unprovided with any kind of the comforts required on such occasions. His marriage had taken place against the desires of his employers, and he had no assistance to expect from that quarter. Isaac the Jew was recalled to his mind; but he would require a pledge. 'A pledge!' murmured Bold to himself; 'and why not borrow from the dead, as nothing is to be obtained from the living! I have known this lady who lies yonder. She would not have refused a poor man in the days of her bloom, and why should her manes now begrudge what will do me good, without injuring any one!'

"Influenced by these thoughts he returned to the place which he had just left, but which he now visited in a very different state of feeling. Before, he had been in the discharge of his duty; now he came to commit sacrilege. How awful was the lonely stillness of the immense building, and how threatening were the looks of the saints on the walls, and of the cherubs over the pulpit! His courage had almost forsaken him, when, passing the altar, he had there to encounter the image of St. Peter himself, who was his patron saint as well as that of the church; but the remembrance of his miserable wife and child overcame every other consideration, and he proceeded through the long choir toward the vault. The countenance of this lovely woman had nothing in it to renew his terror, and he fearlessly removed the lid of the coffin, and seized the hand of the deceased. But what were his feelings when that hand grasped his wrist! In his effort to release himself, he left both his mantle and his lantern. Running away hastily in the dark, he fell over a projecting stone, and lay for some time senseless on the floor, but as soon as he recovered he hastened toward the house of the senator, partly to relieve his conscience, but still more to send assistance into the vault, as he found himself utterly unable to return again to make an examination.

"In the mean time the lady had entirely recovered her senses. She overturned the lantern by the first movement of her arms, and was therefore for a while in the dark; but the moon cast a feeble light through a small opening in the top, and by degrees she began to recognize the place. She felt around her, and met with the golden ornaments on her head and the rustling thin silk in which she was dressed. What was her agony and despair when she found she had been buried alive! She uttered a cry, but she knew too well that it could not be heard. The vault was just under the choir; and what voice could penetrate the massive arches? The little air-hole opened into a private part of the churchyard, which was separated from the rest by an iron railing, and might not be visited for a considerable time. Her dead ancestors were then to be her last companions, and her last occupation was to be that of tracing with her nails upon the black walls the melancholy progress of her real death. Chilled with horror, she sought for something to cover herself, and she found the cloak which Peter had dropped. The warmth it communicated revived her a little. She recovered strength enough to get out of the coffin and throw herself on her knees to implore the mercy of God. She then attempted to get to the door and to move its rusty latch. But who can describe her joy when she found it open. She crept mechanically through the dark and narrow passage, and feeling the influence of a better air as she advanced, she was thus enabled to drag herself up stairs. Here, however, she was so faint that a deadly coldness seized her, and would most likely have made her sink down for ever, had she not fortunately recollected that some wine might have been left from the last mass. She therefore made one more effort to reach the altar, and found just as much as was sufficient for her exhausted frame.

"No true believer had set the cup to his lips with more sincere devotion and gratitude to the Creator than she did thus administer the cheering draught to herself. Her husband and her servants found her in that very act, and used such further means for her complete restoration, that a few weeks afterward she appeared again in the same place, to stand godmother for the sexton's child."

The following is another instance of premature interment, of a still more romantic character, and is taken from the ancient chronicles of Venice.

Gherardo was a brave officer of the republic, and joined in the crusade which ended in the conquest of Constantinople. His return was greeted with joyful shouts, as his ship, laden with booty, approached the shore. But Gherardo had been betrothed to a beautiful Venetian lady, whom he passionately loved, and to whom he was to be united upon his return. He hastily returned the embrace of his father, sisters, and brothers, who had come to meet him, and inquired for Elena. "Why," asked he, "is she not with you?" They were silent, and he guessed the cause of her absence. His grief was intense and overwhelming, but he said nothing, and determined to see her once more. As soon as he had an opportunity, he hurried to the church where her body had been deposited, almost in a state of frenzy, and succeeded by bribery in obtaining access to the sacred depository. "There gleamed," says the writer from whom I have taken this curious incident, "here and there a glittering lamp; the uncertain rays of the moon entered across the colored panes of the Gothic windows. The stillness of the sepulcher, the obscure depth of the lonely chapel, the solitude of the hour, the profound silence of all around, filled Gherardo with religious awe. He approached the tomb with slower steps, and his hands trembled as he grasped the handle of massive iron. It seemed to him an impious deed thus to disturb the peace of the dead. But love and despair prevailed, and lifting the ponderous lid of the tomb, he beheld the maiden wrapped in ample folds of linen, white as snow, extended on the bier; a vail was over her face. The rays of the moon fell for a moment over the figure. His delirium returned, and he seemed as one scarcely conscious of what he did, and ready to die as he touched the vail. He however raised it. Her face was as pale as a lily, and her long fair hair fell over her shoulders and mixed in tresses on her breast; her eyes were closed as in a placid sleep, and a smile still rested on her half-open lips. "She sleeps!" cried Gherardo in his frenzy. "Oh, waken, in pity!" and he laid his arm under her. He pressed his lips to her pale, cold cheek, and as he did so he fancied he felt her breathe, and that there was some warmth about her. Immediately he lifted her from the tomb, and placing his hand on her breast, he was satisfied that the heart still beat. Imagine Gherardo, ready to sink under these unexpected emotions, supporting himself against the sepulcher, with the maiden enveloped in white in his arms! Immovable as stone, and as white, they seemed together a group of the statuary which adorned the sepulcher. The vital heat returned slowly into her breast; and the fortunate maiden, whom her ignorant physicians had believed to be dead, passed to the altar from the tomb.

THE LITTLE ONE IS DEAD.

Smooth the hair, and close the eyelids,
Let the window-curtains fall;
With a smile upon her features,
She hath answered to the call.
Let the children kiss her gently,
As she lies upon the bed;
God hath called her to His bosom,
And the little one is dead.

LET THE HEART BE BEAUTIFUL.

So the heart, the heart is beautiful,
I care not for the face;
I ask not what the form may lack
Of dignity or grace.
If the mind be filled with glowing thoughts,
And the soul with sympathy,
What matter though the cheek be pale,
Or the eye lack brilliancy?

This brief but beautiful passage occurs in a late article in Frazer's Magazine:

"Education does not commence with the alphabet. It begins with a mother's looks—with a father's nod of approbation or a sign of reproof—with a sister's gentle pressure of the hand, or a brother's noble act of forbearance—with handfuls of flowers in green and daisy meadows—with bird's nests admired but not touched—with creeping ants, and almost imperceptible emmets—with humming bees and glass bee-hives—with pleasant walks in shady lanes—and with thoughts directed in sweet and kindly tones, and words to mature to acts of benevolence, to deeds of virtue, and to the sense of all good, to God himself."

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WITH AN APPENDIX,

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LATE UNITED STATES SENATOR, AND GOVERNOR OF WISCONSIN.

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